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LITERARY.

FELTHAM'S RESOLVES.

Resolves; Divine, Moral and Political. By Owen Feltham Esq. London 1661.

THIS work passed through twelve editions previously to 1799, afterwards it passed into oblivion until 1806, when Mr. James Cumming brought it again before the public. In 1820 he published a subsequent edition with the addition of some poetic effusions of the author. Feltham's poetry is dull enough, but his prose is admirable. His style is lucid, his metaphors are singularly happy, and his thoughts finely conceived and powerfully expressed. He shows an intimate acquaintance with human character, a deep sense of morality, and a just estimate of the value and importance of things in general. He is a profound reasoner, and an original thinker, as the subsequent specimens will prove.

"I like of Solon's course, in comforting his constant friend, when, taking him up to the top of a turret, overlooking all the piled buildings, he bids him think, how many discontents there had been in those houses since their framing,—how many are, and how many will be; then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own. To mourn for none else were hardness and injustice. To mourn for all, were endless. The best way is, to uncontract the brow, and let the world's mad spleen fret, for that we smile in woes.

"Silence was a full answer in that philosopher; that being asked what he thought of human life,—said nothing, turned him round and vanished."

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"Meditation is the soul's perspective glass; whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if he were near at hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls; and even this world, while we are in

it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish, where execution follows sound advisements; so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Without the first, the latter is defective; without the last, the first is but abortive, and embryous. I will neither always be busy, and doing; nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet, that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life; and that is, my thinking. Surely, God made so many varieties in his creatures, as well for the inward soul, as for the outward senses; though he made them primarily for his own free-will and glory. He was a monk of an honest age, that being asked how he could endure that life, without the pleasure of books, answered—The nature of the creatures was his library, wherein, when he pleased, he could muse upon God's deep oracles."

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"Science by much is short of wisdom. Nay, so far, as I think, you shall scarce find a more fool than sometimes a mere scholar. He will speak Greek to an ostler, and Latin familiarly to women that understand it not. Knowledge is the treasure of the mind, but discretion is the key; without which it lies dead, in the dulness of a fruitless rest. The practic part of wisdom is the best. A native ingenuity is beyond the watchings of industrious study. Wisdom is no inheritance; no, not to the greatest clerks. Men write commonly more formally than they practise; and they, conversing only among books, are put into affectation, and pedantism. He that is built of the press, and the pen, shall be sure to make himself ridiculous.

"Every age both confutes old errors, and begets new. Yet still are we more entangled; and the further we go, the nearer we approach a sun that blinds us. He that went furthest in these things, we find ending with a censure of their vanity, their vexation. 'Tis questionable, whether the progress of learning hath done more hurt or good, whether the schools have not made more questions than they have decided."

* * * * *

"Learning is like a river, whose head be-

ing far in the land, is, at first rising, little, and easily viewed; but, still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank; not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis; till at last, it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean; there you see more water, but no shore,—no end of that liquid fluid vastness. In many things we may sound Nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes, but, beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power, and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But when we come to metaphysics, to long buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition; but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover.

"What is that man good for, that cannot be trusted in his own voluntary relations? One would break that dial into atoms, whose false lines only serve to mislead—whose every stealing minute attempts to shame the sun. Speech is the commerce of the world, and words are the cement of society. What have we to rest upon in this world, but the professions and declarations that man seriously and solemnly offer? When any of these fail, a ligament of the world is broken; and whatever this upheld as a foundation, falls. Truth is the good man's mistress, whose beauty he dares justify against all the furious tiltings of her wandering enemies: 'tis the buckler under which he lies securely covered from all the strokes of adversaries. It is indeed a deity; for God himself is truth, and never meant to make the heart and tongue disjunctives.

"He that lives long does many times outlive his happiness. As evening tempests are more frequent, so they carry a blacker terror along: youth, like the sun, oft rises clear and dancing; when the afternoon is cloudy, thick, and turbulent. * * *

Age, like a long travailed horse, rides dull towards his journey's end; while every new setter out gallops away, and leaves him to his melancholic trot. In youth, untamed blood does goad us into folly; and, till experience reins us, we ride unbitted, wild; and in a wanton fling, disturb ourselves, and all that come but near us. In age, ourselves are with ourselves displeased. We are looked upon by others as things to be endured, not courted or applied to. Who is it will be fond of gathering fading flowers?

Fruits past maturity grow less to be esteemed. Beauty itself, once autumned, does not tempt." * * *

"All that affect things over-violently, do over-violently grieve in the disappointment; which is yet occasioned, by that, the too much earnestness. Whatsoever I wish for I will pursue easily, though I do it assiduously: and if I can, the hand's diligence shall go without the leaping bounds of the heart: so, if it should happen well, I shall have more content as coming less expected.

"That mind which cannot keep its own determinations private, is not to be trusted either with his own or other's business. He lets in so much light as will not suffer his designs to sleep; so they come to be disturbed, while they should gather strength by repose. If the business be of what is yet to come, 'tis vanity to boast of it; 'tis all one with the almanack, to rove at what weather will happen. We boast of that, which, not being in our power, is none of our own. The bird that flies, I may as well call mine. He digs in sand, and lays his beams in water, that builds upon events, which no man can be master of.

"Irresolution is a worse vice than rashness: he that shoots best may sometimes miss the mark: but he that shoots not at all, shall be sure never to hit it. A rash act may be mended by the activeness of the penitent, when he sees and finds his error. But irresolution loosens all the joints of state: like an ague, it shakes not this or that limb, but all the body is at once in a fit.

"Servants are usually our best friends, or our worst enemies: neuters seldom. For, being known to be privy to our retired actions, and our more continual conversation, they have the advantage of being believed before a removed friend. Friends have more of the tongue, but servants of the hand; and actions, for the most part, speak a man more truly than words. Attendants are like to the locks that belong to a house; while they are strong and close, they preserve us in safety; but weak, or open, we are left a prey to thieves. If they be such as a stranger may pick, or another open with a false key, it is very fit to change them instantly. But if they be well warded, they are then good guards of our fame and welfare. * * *

All families are but diminutives of a court, where most men respect more their own advancement, than the honour of their throned king. The same thing that makes a lying chambermaid tell a foul lady that she looks lovely, makes a base lord sooth up his ill king in mischief. They both counsel, rather to insinuate themselves by floating with a light, loved humour, than to profit the advised, and imbetter his fame.

"Few converse so much with persons abroad, as to show their humours and inclinations in public. To their superiors, they put on obsequiousness, and pageant out their virtues, but strongly they conceal their vices. To their equals, they strive to show the gratefulness of a condition; to their inferiors, courtesy and beneficence; to all, there is a disguise. Men in this, like ladies that are careful of their beauty, admit not to be visited, till they be dressed and trimmed to the advantage of their faces. Only in a man's retirement, and among his domestics, he opens himself with more freedom, and with less care; he walks there as nature framed him: he there may be seen not as he seems, but as he is; without either the deceiving properties of art, or the varnish of belied virtue: so, as indeed, no man is able to pass a true judgment upon another, but he that familiarly and inwardly knows him, and has viewed him by the light of time. When Tiberius had a noble fame among strangers, he that read him rhetoric, stuck not to pronounce him *luto et sanguine mactatum*.

"I like not those that disdain what the world says of them. I shall suspect that woman's modesty, that values not to be accounted modest.

"He that is careless of his fame, I doubt, is not fond of his integrity."

"I never yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest, and afforded him love; nor any ever so good, but some have thought him evil and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some; and few, again, are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal: either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity; in some, report hath fore-blinded judgment; and in some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the body's humours; or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions, and loves, she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies, which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamentary acts of the two Houses, reason, and the common sense. As if there were some hidden beauty, of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see; and this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes condemn. I have come to the same man that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy, and another time hath left me unsaluted at all; yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection; and have found this, not an in-

tended neglect, but an indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how."

"We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by falsely making ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesy, to dive into a man's mind, beyond his own comment; nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and, after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness."

"Laughter should dimple the cheek not furrow the brow into ruggedness. The birth is then prodigious, when mischief is the child of mirth. All should have liberty to laugh at a jest; but if it throws disgrace upon one, like the crack of a string, it makes a stop in the music. Flouts, we may see, proceed from an inward contempt; and there is nothing cuts deeper, in a generous mind, than scorn. Nature, at first, makes us all equal; we are differenced but by accident, and outwards; and I think it is a jealousy that she hath infused in man, for the maintaining of her own honour against external causes. And though all have not wit to reject the arrow, yet most have memory to retain the offence; which they will be content to owe awhile, that they may repay it both with advantage and ease. It is but an unhappy wit that stirs up enemies against the owner. A man may spit out his friend from his tongue, or laugh him into an enemy. Gall in mirth is an ill-mixture, and sometimes truth is bitterness. I would wish any man to be pleasingly merry; but let him beware that he bring not truth on the stage, like a wanton with an edged weapon."

"When thou chidest thy wandering friend do it secretly; in season, in love; not in the ear of a popular convention. For, in many times, the presence of a multitude makes a man take up an unjust defence, rather than fall into a just shame. Diseased eyes endure not an unmasked sun; nor does the wound but rankle more which is fanned by the public air. Nor can I much blame a man,

though he shuns to make the vulgar his confessor; for they are the most uncharitable tell-tales that the burthened earth doth suffer. They understand nothing but the dregs of actions; and with spattering those abroad, they besmear a deserving fame. A man had better be convinced in private than be made guilty by a proclamation. Open rebukes are for magistrates, and courts of justice; for stalled chambers, and for scarlets in the thronged hall. Private are for friends; where all the witnesses of the offender's blushes, are blind, and deaf, and dumb. Public reproof is like striking of a deer in a herd; it not only wounds him, to the loss of enabling blood, but betrays him to the hound, his enemy; and makes him, by his fellows, be pushed out of company. Even concealment of a fault argues some charity to the delinquent; and when we tell him of it in secret, it shows we wish he should amend, before the world comes to know his amiss."

KIRKSTALL ABBEY REVISITED.

By *Alaric A. Watts.*

"The echoes of its vaults are eloquent!
The stones have voices, and the walls do live:
It is the house of Memory."—MATURIN.

Long years have past since last I strayed
In boyhood through thy roofless aisle,
And watched the mists of eve o'ershade
Day's latest, loveliest smile;
And saw the bright, broad moving moon
Sail up the sapphire skies of June!

The air around was breathing balm;
The aspen scarcely seem'd to sway;
And, as a sleeping infant calm,
The river streamed away,—
Devious as Error, deep as Love,
And blue and bright as Heaven above!

Steeped in a flood of glorious light,
Type of that hour of deep repose,
In wan, wild beauty on my sight,
Thy time-worn tower arose,—
Brightening above the wreck of years,
Like Faith amid a world of fears?

I climbed its dark and dizzy stair,
And gained its ivy-mantled brow;
But broken—ruined—who may dare
Ascend that pathway now?
Life was an upward journey then;—
When shall my spirit mount again?

The steps in youth I lov'd to tread,
Have sunk beneath the foot of Time,
Like them, the daring hopes that led
Me once to heights sublime,
Ambition's dazzling dreams are o'er,
And I may scale those heights no more!

And years have fled, and now I stand
Once more by thy deserted fane,
Nerveless alike in heart and hand!
How changed by grief and pain
Since last I loitered here, and deemed
Life was a fairy thing it seem'd!

And gazing on thy crumbling walls,
What visions meet my mental eye;
For every stone of thine recalls
Some trace of years gone by,—
Some cherished bliss, too frail to last,
Some hope decayed, or passion past!

Aye, thoughts come thronging on my soul
Of sunny youth's delightful morn,
When free from sorrow's dark control,
By pining cares unworn,—
Dreaming of fame and fortune's smile,
I lingered in thy ruined aisle!

How many a wild and withering woe
Hath seared my trusting heart since then;
What clouds of blight consuming slow
The springs that life sustain,—
Have o'er my world-vexed spirit past,
Sweet Kirkstall, since I saw thee last!

How bright is every scene beheld
In youth and hope's unclouded hours!
How darkly—youth and hope dispelled—
The loveliest prospect lours.
Thou wert a splendid vision then,
When wilt thou seem so bright again?

Yet still thy turrets drink the light
Of summer-evening's softest ray,
And ivy garlands, green and bright,
Still mantle thy decay;
And calm and beauteous, as of old
Thy wandering river glides in gold!

But life's gay morn of ecstasy,
That made thee seem so more than fair—
The aspirations wild and high,
The soul to nobly dare,—
Oh! where are they, stern ruin, say?
Thou dost but echo, *where are they!*

Farewell!—Be still to other hearts
What thou wert long ago to mine;
And when the blissful dream departs,
Do thou a beacon shine,
To guide the mourner through his tears,
To the blest scenes of happier years.

Farewell!—I ask no richer boon,
Than that my parting hour may be
Bright as the evening skies of June!
Thus—thus to fade like thee,
With heavenly FAITH'S soul-cheering ray
To gild with glory my decay!

Sacred Melody. By *Alaric A. Watts.*

There is a thought can lift the soul,
Above the dull cold sphere that bounds it,—
A star that sheds its mild control
Brightest when grief's dark cloud surrounds it.
And pours a soft pervading ray,
Life's ills may never chase away!
When earthly joys have left the breast,
And e'en the last fond hope it cherish'd
Of mortal bliss—too like the rest—
Beneath woe's withering touch hath perish'd,
With fadeless lustre streams that light,
A halo on the brow of night!
And bitter were our sojourn here
In this dark wilderness of sorrow,
Did not that rainbow beam appear,
The herald of a brighter morrow,
A gracious beacon from on high
To guide us to Eternity!

THE ESSAYIST.

WHEN we glanced at the title of the following communication, we were about to throw down the paper in a *discontented* mood, but the first sentence induced us to proceed, and the result was satisfactory. The writer treats his subject in a novel and original manner,—we like his philosophy, and recommend it to others.—*Editor.*

CONTENTMENT.

Yawn not, I beseech thee, gentle reader, as thine eye, in search of something fresh and glowing, resteth on the somniferous word that stands as title to this essay: true it is, that this is no maiden theme—true it is, that it has been hacked and written upon from time immemorial; yet, notwithstanding, let not, as thou leanest back in thine easy-chair, with thy corporeal eye vacantly fixed on the chimney ornaments,—let not thy mental optics picture that this will prove like unto

“a thrice told tale

“Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man:”

but, if thou art (as I trust thou art) one of those beings whose ethereal mind, despising cold dull probabilities and realities, can properly “image to itself,” imagine that thou art on the point of perusing a new Waverly novel, or one of Irving’s beautiful tales, or any thing else equally delectable—with all the pleasurable anticipations such thoughts should call forth—the edge of thy critical acumen taken off—and thy mind favourably and attentively pre-disposed, “read, mark, and inwardly digest.”

Contentment is one of a large class of words, to which a vague and unsatisfactory meaning has long been attached; like “Happiness,” “Poetry,” &c. it has never been clearly defined nor thoroughly understood: this has not been for the lack of pen, ink, and paper, wasted in its service, as it has ever formed one of the choicest themes for young magazine essayists and maiden poets—a subject that intermeddles not with any of the conflicting passions of society,—that disturbs no man’s preconceived opinions or prejudices—in short, a sort of neutral ground, on which every author who wished to write without fear of contradiction, adventured. So far so good; so long as the master’s essay was of a reasonable length,

neatly worded, and interlarded with a few suitable quotations, such as, “O thou nymph with placid eye, &c.”—or so long as Miss’s lines contained the requisite number of syllables, and jingled into something like rhyme, they were rendered perfectly happy, and in their own estimation half immortal, by the insertion of their lucubrations in some country magazine. The school-fellows of the one party, and the sentimental embryo blue-stockings of the other, pronounced them of course to be “the most clever and elegant things that had ever been composed,” and then, they and their fame passed away. These successes engendered another fry, and, as a subject seldom loses any thing,—as it would have been quite common-place to be contented with bestowing the same degree of praise as their predecessors, the blessings and benefits of contentment, according to misses in their teens, and moralists in short jackets, increased in a most amazing degree. The thing became catching: the church and stage lent it a helping hand: the divine lauded it from the pulpit, and the third-rate character in a play, (generally a little poverty-stricken man in black) frequently took occasion, as he went off, to expatiate in a twelve-line speech or so, on the con-joined blessings of contentment and a clear conscience. At last its panegyrists became quite furious: they must needs “out herod Herod,” with a vengeance,—they held it as part of our “being’s end and aim,”—a sovereign panacea for all the evils of life,—as a thing synonymous with happiness—in short, as the *ne plus ultra* of human enjoyment, without which nothing could be good, and with which nothing could be ill. But what in sober sense did all this amount to? why nothing. Words are only words—poetry is not always truth—and declamation is not always sense.

There is perhaps no sounder or more generally acknowledged axiom than that the value of a thing is in proportion to its scarcity, and this may be one great reason why contentment has found such favour in the eyes of the multitude,—every one setting the highest value on what he had not, and indifferent to the praise which might be bestowed upon its virtues and efficacy, so long as he knew his neighbour no richer than himself. Thus it is, that this thing,

whose intrinsic value (except in a very limited degree,) is not worth a cent, has, as a regularly be-praised subject, equalled even Shakspeare's Works, Warren's blacking, or La Fayette. Now I mean to say that as far as the share contentment has in the enjoyment a man feels in eating his dinner, smoking his cigar, or, after his daily labour enjoying the comforts of his fire-side, it is a good; but, I also say, that taken in any extended sense, it is an evil of the first magnitude. To be content is to be satisfied,—to wish for nothing—to aim at nothing, but to rest satisfied in whatever situation you may be placed. Now look at the world as it exists; you will find little or no such thing, and well it is so. What is it that freights the ships—beautifies the cities—encourages the arts—and promotes the wealth, intelligence, and importance of a free and enterprising nation? assuredly not contentment: it is a passive principle, and, as such, man can have little sympathy with it: he is an active animal; his pleasures lie not so much in the possession as in the pursuit. Is the merchant happier when, quitting the din and bustle of the city, his ships, his freights, and his speculations, he hastens to the enjoyment of rural life, purchases a beautiful villa, and looking around him, says within himself “I am content.” Is he so? no such thing! He must still busy himself with the news, the business, and the exchanges; or, let him look at home, every thing is wrong, every thing wants improving—a part of his house is misbuilt—his walks are badly laid out, or a clump of trees spoils his prospect: these are mended, and this gives rise to new wants, and fresh improvements. So he goes on, and dies at last amid all the mighty bustle attendant on the planting of an orchard—the cutting of a canal—or the building of a green house. Perhaps the best personification of contentment is a fat London Alderman, seated, after a plentiful dinner, in his easy chair—his wine before him—his pipe—his optics half closed, and not an idea in his brain of either past, present, or future. It is rather to be remarked that it is always confined to “fat, gross men:” contentment and corpulency go hand in hand: there is no analogy between it and leanness: a thin contented man is quite a paradox. Now look at its effects upon human nature: where is it that all your bold, fiery,

active, daring, enterprising spirits are to be found? Is it among your men of bone and muscle, or your men of fat and oil? how many *fat* men are there on record that have ever done a daring deed? Cæsar disliked Cassius for his want of the aldermanic characteristics. “That Cassius is too thin,” he exclaims,—and again, “although I fear him not, would he were fatter.”

I have lived in the world—I have mixed with mankind of all classes and descriptions, and yet it has never been my lot to meet but one thoroughly contented man; and, as Byron says, “private examples are as good as any,” I subjoin the following sketch of what I could collect about him.

Robert Easy was the only son of a gentleman-farmer, who cultivated his own land to the value of about — per annum. Even when a child his quiescent disposition was quite remarkable. He never cried for toys, like other children—played no mischievous pranks—eat when it was given to him, and slept whenever he could. At school he never showed the least desire to be distinguished, either at school-boy sports or learning: he plodded through his daily task, and “with hands in pouch,” sauntered about his spare time. Growing too big for school, and, unlike other youngsters, manifesting no disposition to see the world, he was removed to his father's farm, where, taking root, in course of time he sprouted into a man. The death of his father soon after put him in possession of his estate: it made no alteration in his course of life,—

“He soundly slept the night away,
“And just did nothing all the day.”

But, as may be easily imagined, Robert's philosophic temper did not at all tend to the improvement of his worldly affairs: his servants did little or nothing, and were paid for it: those that bought his stock, paid him less than any one else, and in return gave him the character of a pleasant easy person to deal with; his neighbours plundered his fields, and said he was a good-natured man; his friends drank his ale, and admired the contentedness of his disposition. Robert sat at his ease, and smoked his pipe; he had to be sure some vague idea that all was not as it should be, but then he found great consolation in a favourite proverb of his, “that when things came to their worst they would mend:” this wound up all his own reflection.

tions in a satisfactory manner, and was the invariable reply to all who chose to favour him with their advice. A few more years and a bad harvest put Robert's apothegm to the test—things came to their worst, but unfortunately they did not mend:—his land was sold—he could not work—and so went to the alms-house. I know not if this touched any dormant spark of pride; if it did, it was soon over, and he is now perfectly contented with his situation: provided with food and clothing, (coarse, to be sure,) he has nothing to care about, and the whole events of his latter years may be summed up in two of Prior's lines—

"He eats, and drinks, and sleeps—what then?
"He eats, and drinks, and sleeps again"

But let us have done with exceptions, and again advert to what would be its effects upon mankind in general. The two main-springs of the complicated mechanism of human nature are the love of fame, and the love of wealth; these for the sake of conciseness we may class together under one denomination—the love of distinction: from this principle springs all that is great, and much that is good in man. It is this principle that spurs him to all noble and adventurous actions; it is this principle that calls talent into existence, that produces poets, painters, and historians; it is this principle that sends man to explore the frozen seas of the arctic circle, or traverse the burning deserts of Africa; and it is this principle that is the most diametrically opposed to contentment. In the long list of glorious names that history has transmitted down to us, or in the splendid annals of genius, how many men will be found in whom contentment has formed a prominent part of their character? Had Milton been a contented man, think ye the world would have been in possession of *Paradise Lost*; had Byron been so, would he have written *Childe Harold*; would a contented man have painted the *Cartoons*; or, had Columbus been so, would he have been the discoverer of America? No! were contentment to become in any degree general, its benumbing influence would spread itself over all the active principles of our nature. Can it be supposed that such a lethargic thing and the lofty aspirations of genius could exist in the same person? The mawkish nonsense of contentment and a cottage, cannot be applied to the world.

Look at its effects upon nations. Was the free and fiery Spartan, or the noble Roman, famed for it? Or, to come to modern times, is it not notorious that it is to be found in the greatest degree among the degraded serfs of a Russian autocrat? there is not in the world a more contented class of men, or who have less wish to change their situation than the Russian peasantry. It does and can only exist with ignorance: where man is free and in possession of his active faculties, it flies from him. And let us for a moment suppose what has been held as the height of human good by some, but which, thanks to an all-wise Providence, can never be, let us suppose contentment general,—that every one sat under his own vine and his own fig-tree, what would be the result? True we should be freed from all the evils of war and rapine, no one who was content would dream of aiming at the possession of another: so far we would gain, and in return lose every thing: the very distinctions between virtue and vice would be lost in the entire nullity of the human character: man might rather be said to vegetate than live; like other animals he would pass from the earth without a single trace of his having existed;—not one glorious emanation of genius, not one splendid action to transmit his name to future ages; generation would succeed generation, die, rot, and be forgotten,

"And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

• Surely there are many degrees of happiness superior to such a state.

C.

THE COMBAT.

They fled,—for there was for the brave
Left only a dishonoured grave.
The day was lost; and his red hand
Was now upon a broken brand,
The foes were in his native town,
The gates were forced, the walls were down,
The burning city lit the sky,—
What had he then to do but fly;
Fly to the mountain-rock, where yet
Revenge might strike, or peace forget!

They fled,—for she was by his side,
Life's last and loveliest link, his bride,—
Friends, fame, hope, freedom, all were gone,
Or lingered only with that one.
They hastened by the lonely way
That through the winding forest lay,
Hearth, home, tower, temple, blazed behind,
And shout and shriek came on the wind;
And twice the warrior turn'd again,
And cursed the arm that now in vain,

Wounded and faint, essay'd to grasp
The sword that trembled in its clasp.

At last they reach'd a secret shade
Which seem'd as for their safety made;
And there they paused, for the warm tide
Burst in red gushes from his side,
And hung the drops on brow and cheek,
And his gasp'd breath came thick and weak.
She took her long dark hair, and bound
The cool moss on each gaping wound,
And in her closed-up hands she brought
The water which his hot lip sought,—
And anxious gaz'd upon his eye,
As asking, shall we live or die?
Almost as if she thought his breath
Had power o'er his own life and death.

But, hark!—'tis not the wind deceives,
There is a step among the leaves:
Her blood runs cold, her heart beats high,
It is their fiercest enemy:
He of the charm'd and deadly steel,
Whose stroke was never known to heal,—
He of the sword sworn not to spare,—
She flung her down in her despair!

The dying chief sprang to his knee,
And the stanch'd wounds well'd fearfully;
But his gash'd arm, what is it now?
Livid his lip, and black his brow,
While over him the slayer stood,
As if he almost scorn'd the blood
That cost so little to be won,
He strikes,—the work of death is done!

L. E. L.

Child screening a Dove from a Hawk.

Ay, screen thy favourite dove, fair child,
Ay, screen it if you may,—
Yet I misdoubt thy trembling hand
Will scare the hawk away.

That dove will die, that child will weep,—
Is this their destiny?
Ever amid the sweets of life
Some evil things must be.

Ay, moralize,—is it not thus
We've mourn'd our hope and love?
Alas! there's tears for every eye,
A hawk for every dove!

L. E. L.

Theatrical Anecdote.—On the night of the first representation of his *Ayeux Chimeriques*, J. B. Rousseau was seated in the pit, next to a man who continued blowing a whistle during the entire of the first act. As soon as it was over he turned to Rousseau; "Sir," said he, "I am obliged to go out for a moment, may I ask you to take my whistle, and be my substitute in case they shall begin before my return?" "With the greatest pleasure, Sir," replied Rousseau; and accordingly, the moment the actors appeared, he joined with all his might in damning his own piece. This reminds us of Aristides inscribing his own name on the Vote.

FOR THE
NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE.

TALES FROM CROSSBASKET.

By Francis Topic.

THE BRIDAL EVE.*

And their bridal bed is a cold and bleak shed
Of a rock that is washed by the sea,
And the wild waves roar as they dash on the shore,
Is all for their bridal melody.
But so calm and so lone, they are sleeping together,
They heed not the waves, nor the cold stormy weather.
New Ballad.

THE little village of Ardentine is situated on the shore of Loch Long, and the traveller, as he sails up that mountain-bound inland sea, remarks the beauty of the landscape: it does not even escape the observation of the hardy fisherman, as in his two-masted wherry, with bark-stained sails, he passes by to carry the fruits of his labour to the neighbouring market of Greenock, or still farther up the Clyde, to the much-famed Glasgow. It is a delightful place: many a lyre has sounded in its praise; and the young enthusiast, as he fondly pictures to his imagination a lovely, sequestered, and sylvan retreat, never drew a more beautiful spot. Here, the mountains tower on each side, their basis resting, as it were, in the sea—raising their fir and heather clad heads in all the ruggedness and grandeur of nature, as if to kiss the clouds. Various and fantastic shapes present themselves to the poetic mind, and show, like pictures on which the eye delights to dwell, reminding the gazer of images he had before seen.

Upon the sides of the mountains, patches of green herbage are discovered, as if the rough granite had stepped aside to give the highland shepherd some arable land to raise wherewithal to support him and his little ones; there is seen the thatched covered cot of the tenant, and the smoke curling gently up to heaven, seems to bespeak the lightness and innocence of the hearts within them.

The village is situated in a small bay, where the wild mountains on each side had, as if by one accord receded, to make a shelter for it, and be its guardian spirits. Its white-washed and thatched cottages are planted along the shore; and in the rear is seen the beautiful seat of the Duke of ——. In its sweet walks, winding as the fertile Forth, I have often spent the summer day fishing in the limped burn, which meanders through it, or listening to the many tuned birds, which find a shelter in its green shades.

In one of these cottages dwelt the parents of Helen Campbell: (this is the prevailing name in the romantic Shire of Argyle), they

* By my guest Mr. Auldfochtan.

were honest, but poor—a cow and a wherry were all their wealth; the first, under the management of the mother, and the second of the father; for he followed, like most of the villagers, the fishing trade. Helen was born in the same cottage which they inhabited at the time I speak of, and she was reared like the other lasses of the village.

I saw her one summer morning spinning before the cottage door—such is the usual custom of the young girls. There was an air and dignity about her far above what I looked for in a cottager's daughter. I can never forget her clear, ruddy complexion—her long flaxen ringlets, and light blue eyes, which seemed bright and mild as the first beams of the morning sun, arched by eye-brows that might vie with the beautiful curve of heaven's promise. Her well-formed and high forehead, her Grecian nose, and finely marked lips and chin, bespoke a mind strong and improved. She was dressed in all the simplicity of rustic attire, in gingham short gown, and duffle petticoat, with a snow-white apron, which had an air of neatness I never saw in one of her station. She was the flower of Ardentine! Each virtuous heart praised her modest worth, and sent prayers to heaven, that, as her morn was pure and unsullied as the sun rays reflected on the crystal dew or waveless Loch, she might pass through her day of life without a cloud or storm to mar her peace of mind, and when her evening came, that her sun might

Set in life's twilight like the parting day,
So gently, calmly, scarcely might we tell
The hour her soul 'scap'd from its thrall of clay
To soar to heav'n, where saints and angels dwell.

She had not an enemy in the world: she loved all, nor ever new what it was to hate: mothers would point when she passed, as was done to Lucretia of old, and bid their daughters be spotless as she. All thought it an honour to have Helen Campbell in their cottage, and she associated freely and intimately with the village girls, for she considered them as one family; but never thought she was the fairest flower of all, nor once imagined but that the same purity and beauty which she possessed, was the birth-right of every maiden. Thus she lived, loving and beloved.

Donald Campbell was her neighbour, and her elder by two or perhaps three years: they were playmates from infancy, and their parents looked forward with pleasure to the time when they would give them to each other. Often would the "old folks" when seated together, renew their youth and talk of air-built castles, even like the youthful pair; and anticipate with all the warmth and glow of virtuous feeling, the union of Donald with "our Helen," and in the fervour of their hearts, pray that they might

live as they had lived, and they themselves might leave their children the inheritance of a good name. It is the Scotch peasants' best legacy, and too often their only bequest. Would some of our modern lovers pause and think a moment, when in search of a wife, their first question would not be as now it is, "how much money has she?"—they would change their tone, and inquire how much love they would receive in return; or, like the poor, unsophisticated peasant, ask, "will her parents leave her a good name?"

Helen and Donald had arrived at that age when they no longer looked on each other as playmates—a feeling before unknown pervaded their breasts, which they scarcely knew, or would not confess. When they met, a slight blush suffused the cheek of both—already by nature out vying the hue of the rose; and if their eyes, in church, or at the domestic hearth chanced to meet, (as often they did) there was a speaking langour in them; and both, actuated by the same feeling, would turn away their heads and sigh. The parents saw it—knew the cause, and now considered their anticipations realized.

When Donald was "buskit in his Sunday claes," no one at church was neater than he. His manly form and dark piercing eye, had a commanding appearance; and the native pride of the Highlanders was strongly innate in his bosom. He scorned to wear any other garb than that worn by his clan; he regarded not the law abolishing the distinguishing dress, but would wear his, and at the peril of his life, as his forefathers had done, for ages before the records of seers began. In his native costume he looked like the chief of some powerful clan. His green tartan vest and kilt, with dog-skin tassled purse before, dark as the wild heather, became him well, and showed the strong sinews of his manly frame: his plaid, neatly thrown over his shoulders like a martial cloak, seemed as his distinguishing mark; and his tartan hose, his buckled shoes, and cherry-topped bonnet, were neater than any of the village lads.

He was now in his twenty-first year, and Helen, bright as a May morning, was fair and blooming as eighteen could make her. As yet, they had never spoken of love, nor by their parents had been questioned on the subject.

The property of the — family is situated in Argyleshire, and also extends to that of Dumbarton. At the time of which my tale relates, the Duke gave his younger brother Lord John, the beautiful estate of —, as his marriage dowery. It is situated at some distance from Ardentine, at the neck of Loch Gair, to which the young married couple were about to remove.

Donald had long been a friend of Lord

John's, as far as friendship could exist with those between whom fate had thrown such a wide gulf of birth,—but at an early hour in their day of life, long before the young heart knew the vast difference in the estate of the world; when poor unsophisticated nature looked on all mankind alike; and when, whatsoever the condition in life, that being born a man was considered a passport through every grade, they had been companions. Lord John was of strong mind and of firm and deep rooted attachments;—he loved his native hills and lochs with all the fervor and pride of a Highlander; and often, with Donald by his side, has he sailed on the loch—hunted on the heather moor, threaded the wild wood, or scrambled up the craggy steep, fleet and free as the roe. Many a rough wave have they gallantly rode, and many a time have they stood on the high peak of "The Cobbler," and viewed, with fearless breast, the thick clouds floating beneath—marked the forked lightning sporting there, and heard the loud thunder rolling awfully; while they, far above, felt as if exalted to a higher sphere, and looked with unconcern upon the petty world below, scarcely conscious that they belonged to it. On these excursions they were always accompanied by Donald's dog Towler: often has he mounted the crag before them—scoured through the wood, or swam the loch after their wherry, with more fidelity than could be expected even from proud man.

It was on one of their excursions that Lord John informed his companion, he was shortly to remove to his new estate with his lovely bride, and offered him a situation of trust and honour if he would accompany him. The pride he felt at this mark of esteem, and the first impulse of his bosom, made him instantly accept the offer.

Immediately Donald communicated his intention to his parents, and the report soon spread through the village, and all looked upon him as a favoured one. Helen heard it with a heavy heart and tearful eye: the parents of both, with mingled emotions of pleasure and of pain. While Donald, himself, when he contemplated his removal from his native spot, felt a something pervade his heart, which, but for this circumstance, might long have remained dormant. "What will become of Helen," he sighed, but said he, "I will not be far removed from her, I can see her often—a few hours' sail can bring me back, and business may frequently call me home,—but with whom will she go to church on Sundays—with whom will she stroll along the shore on the summer evenings, or who will beguile her wintry hours." He thought of all these things and uncounted others. As the day of separation approached, he felt more and more; his heart was lonely, and he imagined that while absent,

to whom at eve would he tell his little adventures of the day, or where could he find a comfort like Helen's lovely eyes, which always spoke a welcome whenever they met, or where else would be a charm equal to her melodious song.

The evening before his departure, he sought an opportunity to meet Helen, and found it, only as he thought, to fold her hand in his awhile, and unobserved bid her farewell, and take his parting kiss. Awhile, they walked in silence, but many a look was interchanged, which spoke more than frail words could convey. At last Helen, softly, yet mournfully said,

"I hear you are going to leave us, Donald."

"But I will not be far away, Helen,—I shall often be here, and I shall always think of you as present."

"And I shall miss you: we have known one another long—we have aye been together; and to part with you, seems as parting with a brother."

"As a brother only," said Donald.

"I never had a brother; but think, had heaven given me one, I should feel as now I do."

"You would think of him when absent too, and hope he might be happy."

"That would be but natural."

"And you will think of me,—will wish the wild hills opposite to crouch their heads that you might look upon the spot I live on."

"I would do all, and pray for your health and welfare."

"O! my Helen, what can I say to this; you have been a kind friend to me, we never met but you were happy; we never parted but you were sad; and I could unmoved part from all save you. I always looked upon you as the best and sweetest of the village girls; and now I feel a something which fills my heart, and swells through my whole frame; and yet one little word could speak it all. It trembles on my tongue, and I am spell bound; but let me look upon these lovely eyes, and while I look, perchance may read in thine what I cannot speak. Helen gently raised her head; her cheek was pale and sorrowful; and her eyes were filled with tears, which shone like the sun through an April shower. Donald could not suppress the strong emotion which he felt; but tears, his manhood would not show—he took her hand, and faintly spoke, "Helen," my Helen—you must not grieve though I am going, for I will love you, yes, as I have long and fondly done, though my heart until this hour, would not confess it even to myself."

"But, Donald, you will be away," sighed Helen, "and I will have none to speak with."

"I will soon and often return, my love. Do you love me, Helen?"

"I cannot speak, Donald."

"O say but one word and free my mind from this sore suspense, though I have read thine eyes, let me also hear thy voice."

"I cannot say I hate you, Donald,—I would not wrong my heart, nor slight your worth so much as to say it."

"O speak still more: will you be my wife?"

"I wish I were better for thy sake."

"O Helen, that speaks all my fond heart desired, and I am happy,—nay, cheer up, my love; at such an hour as this I would not have you sad."

"What will my mother say; for she will think me cruel to desert her—you know she has been a fond mother, and deserves all my love, now she can only share it, and I must go away from her—what will she think of that, Donald?"

"She will not think you lost, though mine; you must be her daughter still. Let me press this hand to my bosom; let me take my first kiss—nay, do not refuse, 'tis thy Donald asks—it is his, my love."

He kissed the blushing maid, he dried her tears, calmed her throbbing bosom, and soon changed the theme, to relieve her from the strong emotions the scene had produced. By the time they had reached her home, her face was cheerful and placid as usual, for the thoughts of having vowed herself to Donald, so filled her mind she could scarcely think his departure was so near. When they separated for that night, Donald said, "speak to your mother, Helen: your father and my parents I will talk to. You shall fix the day—O! it will be a happy, happy day; my Helen, my bride, good night."

[To be continued.]

DRAMATIC.

Douglas, a tragedy in five Acts, by the Rev. John Home.

WE have long considered "Douglas," as one of the best modern tragedies. A well contrived plot, a chaste, pure, and unambitious style, have rendered it one of the most attractive stock plays in our drama. It was this play which Garrick refused to bring out, in consequence, as he said, of its simplicity and barrenness of stage effect; and it was this play too, which Cumberland so much censured.

At the time Mr. Home wrote this tragedy, there was no place of note in Scotland, for dramatic performances; for we learn from Jackson's history, that "no man of substance would step forward to promote the erection of a fabric for the representation of profane pieces, excommunicated by the church, and interdicted by law." We are sorry to say,

that in a sister State, a similar law at present exists; but we hope the time is not far distant, when more liberal and enlightened views will spread abroad there, and when theatrical representations will be looked upon in their proper light,—as one means, whereby the minds of our youth may be imbued with good instruction, may see virtue in her own fair features, and vice in her appalling deformity. There is scarcely a good we have, from which wicked minds may not draw evil, as the bee sucks honey from the same flower whence the wasp extracts its poison, and so it is with theatrical representations.

To return from this short digression:—Mr. Home, after his unsuccessful application to the London manager, had his tragedy performed at an obscure theatre in Edinburgh, where it was received with so much applause, that Garrick, who before rejected it, was now glad to bring it forward. In London its reception was as brilliant as the sanguine author could have anticipated, and Garrick confessed, that his rejection of this play at first, was the cause of many a bitter thought in after life.

Douglas is a greater favourite of ours, than any drama that has appeared since its day. Of the numerous writers for dramatic fame, the few who have ever reached mediocrity, or whose works have outlived the year in which they were written, prove the difficulty in this line of composition; many have shone, and still do shine in various walks of literature, who have failed to write a good play. We think the genius of the present day is not suited to the drama. It was different in the boasted Elizabethan age; for if we look into the "State Trials," we will find, that the questions and answers of the witnesses have much dramatic point, and when reading these, we have sometimes thought we were perusing a play.

Of dramatic writers now dead, we can name only a few, whose works were fit for the closet, though many have good stage effect. Of authors still living and still writing, Knowles, Coleridge, Shiel, Barry Cornwall, Milman, Haynes, Payne, none have reached the eminence on which Mr. Home stands.

The three tragedies of Mr. Knowles, so popular now, will not compare with Douglas, though tolerably well adapted for the

stage; they want the matured and deep laid plot, the sweet poetry, and original thought of the play under our consideration. Let us now turn to the play itself.

The plot is simple, natural, and well contrived. Glenalvon, a designing villain, urged on by "vaulting ambition," to obtain the rich possessions of Sir Malcolm, attempts a crime upon Matilda, at which nature shudders. Randolph rescues her; but the villain escapes unknown, which he calls "slender consolation." In gratitude the old baron gives his daughter's hand to her deliverer—but she gives not her heart; for unknown to all alive, she was a widow, and a mother, having privately married Douglas, her house's enemy, of which the author thus informs us:

"——Ruling fate decreed,
That my brave brother should, in battle, save
The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe;
The youthful warriors vowed eternal friendship.
To see the vaunted sister of this friend,
Impatient Douglas to Balerno came,
Under a borrowed name My heart he gained;
Nor did I long refuse the hand he begged—
My brother's presence authorised our marriage."

In three weeks after, the husband and the brother were called to battle, where both were slain. After they were gone, the baron discovered that the stranger was "Lord Douglas' son," questioned his daughter, and made her swear that she never would wed one of the Douglas name.

In the first days of her grief, after the birth of young Douglas, to escape the wrath of Sir Malcolm, the son "to a dead father born," was sent with her nurse and only confidant to reach her sister's house; it was a stormy night, their way lay across the Carron, but neither nurse, nor infant, had she heard of since that fatal hour. This having taken place eighteen years before the commencement of the play, is told in the first act, to her attendant Anna, in natural and pathetic language.

Glenalvon is the heir to Randolph's estates, and though seemingly his friend, at heart is his bitterest foe. He loves Lady Randolph, and has never given up hopes of obtaining her hand. It must, however, appear unnatural, that both his hate for the lord, and his love for the lady, should have remained dormant for eighteen years, for, till the day on which the drama opens, it does not appear, that in that long space, he had ever attempted a plan whereby to rid himself of the one, or to possess himself of the other.

But in his soliloquy which closes the first act, he tells us,

"The deed's doing now, that makes me lord
Of these rich valleys, and a chief of power."

In the second act, we find the deed was the assassination of Lord Randolph, which is prevented by the intervention of a stranger, who enamoured of arms, had left his father's cot, "to follow to the field some warlike lord." For his brave act, Randolph in gratitude makes him next to Glenalvon and himself. The villain in his overseeing zeal to discover the assassins, has begirt the wood with a strong band, who bring before Lady Randolph, an old man suspected of the deed: she questions him, finds him guiltless, and discovers that her lord's deliverer, is none other than her long lost son, heir to the wealth and name of Douglas. In this scene the fond mother, and the guiltless old Norval, are beautifully drawn; her affection for the youth escapes not the eagle eye of Glenalvon; he is still ignorant of his birth, but looks on him as a favoured rival, which he considers a powerful obstacle in the way of his towering projects—and with a demon's feeling he thus moralizes:

"Had I one grain of faith
In holy legends, and religious tales,
I should conclude there was an arm above,
That fought against one, and malignant turned
To catch myself, the subtle snare I set."

Lady Randolph has cautioned him against practising his crimes upon young Norval, for it seems she knows what, if divulged, would make him nothing, or worse, an out-cast beggar. It is strange that a lady of her virtue, should admit to her presence such a man; we must, however, overlook this, for nothing is perfect; and even in the best plays of "Avon's bard," we find inconsistencies as palpable. Glenalvon seizes upon this subject, and poisons the mind of Lord Randolph with one of the strongest passions that ever invaded the breast of mortal, jealousy.

It fails not in its effect. Deep skilled in the human heart, the villain rouses the uninjured Randolph to revenge. A letter is intercepted, which appoints a meeting between the mother and son, for he has bribed a spurned servant of young Norval's. In his fit of jealousy, Lord Randolph thus beautifully and truly apostrophizes.

"Let no man after me, a woman wed,
Whose heart he knows he has not, though she bring
A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry;

For let her seem like the night's shadowy queen,
Cold and contemplative, he cannot trust her;
She may, she will, bring shame and sorrow on him
The worst of sorrows, and the worst of shames."

These lines should be written in legible characters on every man's heart. Glenalvon, still farther to rouse the jealousy of Randolph, proposes to quarrel with Norval, and argues as he reasons,

"If he is no more
Than humble Norval, by thy favour raised
Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonished from me:
But if he be the favourite of the fair,
Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,
He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns
Upon the hunter's spear."

This works all that the inventor could desire; they meet, Glenalvon taunts him with his low birth, but he has before this been informed by his mother, of his high parentage, and of the wealth to which he is justly entitled; he boldly replies to the sneers of Glenalvon, against whom his mother had not only warned him, but even hinted at her treatment from him; with the proud spirit of his ancestors, to defend his own character, and to avenge his mother's wrongs, Norval draws upon the villain. Randolph who is stationed at a convenient distance hears all, and enters in time to prevent bloodshed. The scene confirms his worst suspicions, and a plot is formed to murder Norval. Old Norval, sent by Lady Randolph, to a cottage by the Carron's side, till she requires his evidence to prove her son's birth, overhears the designs, and immediately warns both mother and son. In the fifth act, the mother, anxious for her late found child, sends him to a place of safety; thither bound, he is attacked by Lord Randolph singly, for when Glenalvon appears to assist him, he replies—

—"It never shall be said
That I took odds to combat mortal man."

Glenalvon, whose object was the death of both, when he hears the clashing of steel behind the scenes, thus says:

"Demons of death, come settle on my sword,
And to a double slaughter guide it home!
The lover and the husband both must die."

and rushes out to complete his purpose. Lady Randolph now aware of what is going on, enters in the agony of despair. Douglas appears with a sword in each hand.

"My mother's voice,
I can protect thee still."

But he is wounded by Glenalvon.

"The villain came behind me, but I slew him."

At length he dies in his mother's arms, who frantic, rushes out, and her fate is thus described by her faithful attendant Anna.

"She ran, she flew, like lightning, up the hill,
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,
And headlong down——"

Lord Randolph stung with remorse, conscious of his lady's innocence, and alive to all the machinations of the base Glenalvon, resolves to go

"Straight to the battle, where the man that makes
Me turn aside, must threaten worse than death."

"For Randolph hopes he never shall return."

In this play, love, hate, ambition, revenge, and jealousy, all the passions capable of forming an essential and good tragedy, are finely interwoven. The success which it has met, fully proves that the simple and unadorned language of nature, without the adventitious aid of stage effect, will touch the heart more deeply and more lastingly, than the verbose, high sounding sentences of some of our modern plays, added to the far-fetched scenic effect so much desired, with thunders, lightning, alarms, guns, &c. which many writers now seem to think so essential.

New-York Literary Gazette.

THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION. In the year 1783, when the army was encamped at New Windsor, (Orange), the officers established the Society of "the Cincinnati." The object of this institution, was to preserve the friendships which had been formed amidst the toils and perils of a protracted war, and to create a fund for the assistance of the widows and children of those who had fallen in battle. If any society ever was based on better and worthier principles, we should like to know it. But there was one feature in the constitution of the Cincinnati, that grievously troubled the pure and delicate patriotism of those, who, for seven years, had been exhibiting their valour by mowing down grass, exercising the broad sword upon chickens, and charging bayonet upon cattle, without being annoyed by the shout of war, and the odour of "villanous saltpetre." The membership of this society was made hereditary—the eldest son of each family was to inherit his father's diploma, so that after all of this brave band should be

covered by the dust, their children might still assemble to recount the deeds of their sires, and to imitate their glorious example by perpetuating the bonds of friendship and the acts of benevolence.

But this did not suit the tastes of the more *pacific* amongst our countrymen. Now that the tempests of strife were over, it was the time for the "still small voice" of the coward and the craven to command. The highest streamer of the last departing ship which bore away our baffled foe, was lost in the convexity of the ocean, and the talons of the Eagle were fixed in the heart of the prostrate Lion. The storm had ceased—the sun was shining, and the lovers of peace crept from their hiding places to bask in its beams. But their eyes were shocked by the emblems of war which met their view—the golden eagle of the Cincinnati, that noble badge which decorated the breasts of the soldiers, that guerdon to men of dauntless spirit and lofty daring, that evidence of the scaling of ramparts, the storming of redoubts, and the leading on of

"The high in hope, misnamed *forlorn*,
Who hold the fear of death in scorn!"

that badge was offensive—it savoured of aristocracy—the minions of *monarchy* were decorated with stars and ribbands—our freedom would be short-lived if the army were to compose a privileged class. Privileged indeed! Privileged to waste away in distress and penury—privileged to starve amidst outrages and wrongs—but not privileged to dwell on the memory of better days, nor to perpetuate the records of their well-earned glory.

It was at this time that Judge Burke, of South Carolina, wrote his mighty pamphlet against the Cincinnati, beginning with the scriptural quotation "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion," and setting forth in horrid array the evil consequences of the institution, which this modern Jeremiah foresaw with all the sagacity of old Hardy in the Belle's Stratagem. The Judge "blew his trumpet" in the pamphlet much more loudly than he had ever done in battle, till the old Alleghenies shook their broad ribs in apprehension of a military despotism, and the rolling St. Lawrence "ruffled half his waves to form a tear," that his southern half should so soon return to bondage. But in spite of the Judge's horn of alarm, and the quakings of the peaceable-minded, the association of

heroes was established, and has been regularly supported. And what has been the result? Has a proud and martial aristocracy reared its head in the land? Has the sword of war cut the strings that support the balance of justice? Alas for the prophet of the south! whatever inspiration might have been in his brain, it was not that of forecast—the coming events that "cast their shadows" before his throeing imagination, were themselves but shadows! The republic has existed, probably out of pure spite towards Judge Burke, notwithstanding the golden eagle of the Cincinnati, and the annual assemblages of our revolutionary fathers!

THEATRICAL.—The new spectacle of the "Orphan of Peru," has become a great favourite with our theatre-going community. Its scenery is beautiful, chaste, and delicate; and since it is the will of the public that the legitimate drama must yield to shows, it is at all events satisfactory to have those which are splendid and striking. We hope that the report of Kean's intention to visit this country is well-founded, and that he will lead the public taste back to the pleasures of intellectual excitement. At the best, the spectacles which have lately usurped the stage in England and America, are but gratifications to the eye—they grow dull in the repetition, and leave no impression on the feelings. But since we must have them, let them form the afterpiece to sterling tragedy and good comedy, and thus the admirers of *acting* and the admirers of shows will both be gratified.

We hail Hilson's re-appearance in Billy Lackaday. His performance of this character is ever new and original: he has always some new reading or some new expression of face in the sentimental "Billy," that will constantly keep alive the attention of the audience.

Cannot the manager find some other person amongst the *corps* to represent a king besides the one he gave us in Cymbeline a short time ago? Mr. Jervis is altogether too fidgetty and light of limb for a king—he strains and twists himself into a thousand attitudes which are every thing under heaven but royal, and knows as little about what belongs to majesty, (to use Captain Parry's simile) as a "cow does of a case of instru-

ments." In behalf of all crowned heads, that have been, are, and are to be, we protest against such caricatures of dignity. If our theatres are so republican that a kingly character must be converted into buffoonery, then in the name of mercy, let us call kings by another epithet, that of president, or governor, or even justice of the peace, but let us have their parts filled by those who can form some conception of the character. Mr. Jervis is an excellent manager of scenery and machinery, and deserves and shall receive all credit at our hands for this, but we object, and ever shall object to the manager's allotment of parts, if he intends to give Mr. J. that of the stately Cymbeline, whenever the play of that name is performed. It is downright murder, and we shall not look on and see it committed without bringing an indictment before the grand jury of common sense.

We shall not mince such matters, and if the manager will go on in spite of remonstrance, *we shall go on also*, and it will be seen who first cries out "hold, enough."

The New-York Literary Gazette.

THE FALLEN TREE.

"I have roved in a sorrowful mood
By the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower
Where the home of my forefathers stood;
All ruined and cold is their roofless abode."

Campbell.

I have seen the tree of my fathers fall,
And the ivy climbing their broken wall,
I have seen the ray of sunset shine
On the wasted home of their fated line :—
What boots it now that their eagle proud
Once bathed his plume in the thunder-cloud,
And built his nest on the mountain's brow
Since the spoiler's shaft hath laid him low ?

Spirits of ages dead and gone !
Ye who once triumphed where wreaths were won,
Thou, whose banner wearied the breeze
That urged thy bark o'er distant seas,
To spread the British Lion's reign
In the spicy isles of the Indian main,—
And thou who led'st Ierne's host
To win the field where thy life was lost ;
Thou, whose stirring war-cry ran
Ever the loudest on battle's van ;
Thou, who sleep'st in thy bloody tomb
With a broken sword and a crimsoned plume—
Spirits of better and prouder days !
Rise from your slumber and let me gaze
On what ye were in the times gone by,
When the tree was strong and the bird soared high !
Shades of the mighty, the good and the brave,
From your clay-cold beds and your ocean-grave,
If it be that your parted spirits sleep
Within the earth and beneath the deep,
Or if it be that ye roam afar
In the fields of space from star to star,
Whether ye come in frowning form,
Wrapped in the cloud and borne by the storm,

Or clad in the beams of the summer moon
When she crowns the midnight's star-gemmed noon,
List to my prayer, surround me now,
I will not shrink from each awful brow,
Come at my bidding, answer my call ;
Why did the tree of my fathers fall ?
Why hath the moss, for many a day,
Mantled their walls in sad decay ;
Why is their pride laid low in dust,
Their laurel blasted, their name in rust ;
Why is their home with weeds o'er-grown,
Its splendor, its might, and its glory gone ?

* * *

THE LOVER'S LAST DIRECTIONS.*

The Lover's Last Directions is a remarkable specimen of Cephalanote superstitions : the second line is interpolated by the translator, as supplying a sort of assignable reason for dictating proceedings so peculiar :

"Come quick when told that I am sick
Or thou wilt come in vain ;
Observe the words I tell thee now,
And we may meet again.

Remember ! when thy trembling steps
Have past the outer gate,
Dearest ! unplat thy braided locks,
Ere told thy lover's fate.

Then, if my weeping mother says,
'He slumbers in his bed,'
Go, smooth my pillow with thy hands,
And lift my languid head.

Let me still feel that loved support,
Till life's last spark has flown—
Wait till you see the priest is robed,
And hear his awful tone ;

Then, dearest ! give my withered lips
A cold and holy kiss :
When four young friends support my corse ;
Dearest ! remember this.

Throw stones against that mournful group,
And when they pass thy door,
Clip every tress that was thy pride,
And my delight before.

And when they lay me in the church,
As fluttering captives tear
Their plumage, robb'd of all their young,
So pluck thy silken hair.

And when the burial chant is hush'd
The holy tapers dim,
Gaze on thy lover's grave, and feel,
E'en there thou art with him."

THE LOVERS.

"A beauteous girl lay sick with love,
For him, the fair-hair'd youth,
Who paid with utter faithlessness,
Her much enduring truth.

Three comrades sit around her couch,
Two tell her not to feel ;—
'We once were just such fools as thou,
'But now our hearts are steel.'

The third who really loved her friend,
With kinder zeal replies ;
'Your loves were merely common men,
'But hers has angel's eyes.'

* *Romantic Songs.* Translated by Mr. Sheridan.

'Dearest! since thou canst feel his worth,
'Bring him, and grow more dear!
'Boil water, bathe me, braid my locks,
'And thou shalt see him here.'

'Ah! thou wouldst woo him for thyself,
'With all this studied grace!
'No! as I hope for heavenly bliss!
'I could not be so base!'

'Then leave the mountain heights behind,
'And thread those sloping dells,
'Until thou see'st green pennons float,
'For there my lover dwells.'

She threaded many a sloping dell,
But left the heights behind,
And where those banners idly hung,
The unteeling youth reclined.

Archons and nobles sat around,
And drain'd the joyous grape,
While many a radiant maiden danced
With faultless face and shape.

But still he thought them not enough,
For to that friend he said;

'Adorn awhile our joyous grouse,
'My lovely stranger maid?'

'What! more? when thou already hast
'So many fair or brown?'

'And dost thou never think of her,
On whom thou plac'd the crown?'

'Which dost thou mean, sweet moralist!
'That tall and graceful fair,

'Whose eyes shower beams upon the ground
'Whose smile sheds roses there?'

'Tis she, indeed, and well thy words
'Convey a lover's praise;

'Then how couldst thou forget that smile,
'That glances humid rays?'

'My eyes meet hers—to make them weep—
'My lips—to make her scold!

'Whene'er my arms embraced her waist,
'Her mother has been told.

'Show me, before we meet again,
'Partridges pair'd with hawks,

'An eagle's eyrie shared by crows,
'Or grapes on jasmine stalks!'

The messenger return'd to bear
The words of alter'd love,—
The maiden, like a partridge, droop'd,
And murmur'd like a dove.

She push'd her lattice wide for air,
Before her throat should choke;
And all but touched a sable steed,
Black vest and purple cloak.

Her stately lover sate beneath,
Upon that courser's back;
Like lightnings all th' embroidery shone,
Like night the rest was black;

'Oh! shall I call him "beauteous vine!"
'But vines can fire the brain!

'Or shall I call him "graceful reed?"
'We lean on reeds in vain.

'No! thus I hail him;—silver staff!
'Thou diamond sabre blade!

'Eagle, with green and golden wings!
'Where hast thou lately prey'd?'

'That roving Eagle will be bound
'With chains that tame his pride,
'And if thou wouldst behold the sight,
'Thou mayst attend my bride.'

The horseman struck his throbbing brow;

'Adieu! my mother's choice,
'Thou, thou alone must be my bride—
'Descend, my love! rejoice.'

On a Tomb-stone in an Irish Country Church-yard.

A little spirit slumbers here,
Who to one heart was very dear.
Oh! he was more than life or light,
Its thought by day—its dream by night!
The chill winds came—the young flower faded,
And died;—the grave its sweetness shaded.

Fair Boy! thou shouldst have wept for me,
Not I have had to mourn o'er thee;
Yet not long shall this sorrowing be.—
Those roses I have planted round,
To deck thy dear and sacred ground,
When spring-gales next those roses wave,
They'll blush upon thy mother's grave.

GENTLEMEN.—"As for gentlemen," says Sir Thomas Smith, (temp. Edward VI.) "they be made *dog cheap* in this kingdom; for whosoever studieth the laws of the realm, who studies in the universities, who professeth the liberal sciences, and, to be short, who can live idly, and without manual labour, and will bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called master, and shall be taken for a gentleman."

JACOB'S LADDER.—In a little book which has just been published at Paris, deprecating the continuance of flogging as a punishment, and characterizing it as a relic of ancient barbarism, the author (Count Lanjuinais) quotes the following curious and forcible passage from St. Bernard, in support of his ridicule of those who are always for adhering to the practices of old times, however absurd or censurable: "God alone, because he is perfect, can never improve. Far from me be the men who say 'we will not be better than our fathers.' Jacob saw angels ascending and descending the mysterious ladder which united heaven and earth; but did he see any of them stop and sit down? *It is impossible to be stationary.* Here below nothing remains in the same state. We must either ascend or descend; he who stops on the way, falls!"

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